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ENGLISH MECHANIC, Nov. 21.—This is a new annual specially addressed to artizans, though, from the nature of the contents, it will probably have a very extended sale amongst the general public, for it contains information of a practical kind upon many subjects of interest. There is the usual calendar and almanac matter, and quite a number of useful recipes, besides articles selected from various sources.

HALIFAX COURIER, Nov. 22.—It is a useful sixpennyworth for all descriptions of working men. In addition to the usual calendar and general information looked for in almanacs, there is a mass of well-arranged information suited to the mechanic and general workman, including facts, calculating tables, receipts, inventions (with many illustrations), &c., &c.

SALFORD CHRONICLE, Nov. 22.—We have just received a copy of the "Artizan's Year Book and Engineer and Building Trades' Almanac for the year 1880," which is equal, both in quality and variety of matter, to any of its competitors. Besides an excellent almanac, it gives a fund of interesting and useful information to persons of the artizan and mechanical class, for whose use it is specially intended.

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS, Dec. 13.—Measrs. Abel Heywood and Son have begun the issue of a yearly manual and almanac, especially addressed to artizans, engineers, and workmen in the building trades. It is a repertory or miscellany of facts of all kinds. There are articles on mahogany stains, preserving skins, building stones, the incrustation of boilers, the use of water power in towns, mathematical instruments, machinery for connecting woodwork, and a hundred other subjects.

BRISTOL MERCURY, Nov. 24.—Chiefly intended for mechanics in the engineers' and building trades, for whom it provides a fund of instructive matter.

COLLIERY GUARDIAN, Nov. 21.—It contains eighty pages of useful and interesting matter, introduced by an able article from the pen of Mr. Abel Heywood, jun., entitled "A Slight Sketch of English-printed Almanacs." The

book contains a well-prepared and full calendar, the ministry, eclipses, law terms, stamps, and a vast variety of information both ordinary and extraordinary; indeed, we should think everything which an artizan, engineer, or builder can require. We have little doubt that the venture will be a decided success.

BRIGHTON EXAMINER, Nov. 25.—A valuable contribution to artizans generally, and especially to those who are indicated in the title. The calendar and general useful information usually found in almanacs are preceded by an interesting sketch of the history of English-printed almanacs, and followed by a mass of brief but lucid contributions on subjects relating to science and art in many departments, tables of purchase and sale of property for building clubs, diameters and circumferences, change wheels for screw cutting, &c., construction of frames, lathes, drills, the application and use of water power in towns, photography, lithography, &c., and valuable hints on a hundred other subjects, compressed within the compass of a handy sixpenny volume.

EASTERN MORNING NEWS, Dec. 5.—This almanac contains much information of special value to all concerned in the engineering and building trades, including many calculations, tables, and receipts.

ASHTON REPORTER, Nov. 29.—This is a valuable compendium of information, and may well be called a *multum in parvo*. We shall not attempt to enumerate the many different items of scientific and technical instruction relating to almost all kinds of professions and trades, many of which are illustrated by diagrams, but we may safely assert that all classes of workmen and amateurs would find it useful as a book for frequent reference, at a merely nominal cost.

WIGAN OBSERVER, Nov. 16.—It is full of information of special use to workmen in the various trades mentioned, and cannot fail to have a wide circulation, the almanac supplying a want often complained of.

EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW, Nov. 26.—This almanac contains a large collection of useful and interesting information suitable for all classes of artizans in the engineering and building trades, besides hints which inventors may probably read. The subjects upon which the editor and others have written are too numerous even to mention. The diagrams by which many of the subjects treated are illustrated are clearly

printed and easily understood by the references in the various articles.

THE BAZAAR, Dec. 1.—A publication that deserves wide circulation among mechanics and workmen generally. The quantity of sound information and useful hints it contains is surprising.

ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER, Dec. 5.—An excellent year book for the mechanic. The information given is well digested, and many of the short pieces of information on points in mechanical manipulation convey hints of great value to the workman. The longer articles are also characterised by a clearness and simplicity which will commend them to all artizans. The value of engineering and mechanical tables is also great.

PUBLIC OPINION, Nov. 29.—The Artizan's Year Book and Almanac, 1880, is full of information of the most varied and practical kind, and much of the valuable matter it contains is such as is not to be found elsewhere.

OLDHAM CHRONICLE, Nov. 29.—Is likely to have an extensive sale, not only locally, but throughout the country. It is an excellent protest against centralization, and affords substantial evidence of what Manchester can do in the production of a thoroughly useful almanac for those interested in the engineering and building trades. Among the numerous woodcuts in the work is an artistic sketch of the birthplace of Crompton. In addition to a large amount of technical information, the work contains much that is useful to the general reader with reference to building clubs, life insurance, &c.

WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff), Dec. 5.—This book contains the memoranda on every-day subjects usually given in almanacs, and, in addition, a collection of short articles on industrial subjects. There are descriptions of hydraulic machines, printing presses, lathes, &c.; directions for calculating the weight and strength of building materials, and hints which cannot fail to be of use to artizans on a variety of other matters. The "Year Book," indeed, is one that may be taken up with profit by any intelligent person.

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MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 20 FEBRUARY, 1880.

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XVI.

ON the time of Edward I., the people were much distressed in passing from the city of Chester to Liverpool, by way of *Birkenhead Priory*, for want of a house of refreshment, and the priory became, in consequence, burthened with charges beyond its resources. Edward I., by his letters patent dated 20th February, 1282, empowered the said priors to build houses upon their land sufficient for the relief of all travellers, and to hold the houses so built to them and their successors for ever. King Edward II., 1310, ratified the grant, and also bestowed the right of passage over this arm of the sea upon the said priory.

The exterior of the old chapel of St. Nicholas, Liverpool, as it formerly stood, is presumed to have been built soon after the Conquest. The walls were taken down and the roof removed in the year 1774, when they were rebuilt under the direction of Joseph Brooks, Esq. It formerly had an open ceiled roof, the joists of which were covered with deal boards, upon which was painted a representation of the firmament. The interior, however, was not then disturbed, save the ancient massive Gothic pillars and arches, which were substituted by the present light pillars. A spire was added to the old tower of this church in 1746, but it fell down February 11th, 1810. A beautiful Gothic tower and spire have since been erected by Thomas Harrison, architect. Compelled to contract the height, from the circumstance of twelve heavy bells being erected in the tower, the structure was not so lofty as could have been wished, but it unites the three essentials of strength, use, and beauty, and is highly worthy of the distinguished architect. In the *east window*, where there was no interruption to the display of Gothic beauty, we regret to find a miserable attempt by a different artist. How far the painted glass may, in the opinion of some, cover the defects of the architectural work, we know not, but it will probably help. The interior of the church has also been re-pewed, and new galleries built. In this church there are some good monuments, amongst which we may mention one of Mrs. Clayton. It is executed in statuary marble, and was erected at the expense of her daughter, Sarah Clayton. There is also a monument erected to her husband, which bears the inscription:—

To the Memory of  
William Clayton, of Fullwood, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Esq.,  
Who, being a great encourager of trade,  
And having good judgment in it,  
Represented this borough in six distinct Parliaments.

He died the 8th July, 1715.

Erected by Elizabeth, his relict, daughter of George Leigh, of  
Oughterington, in the County Palatine of Chester, Gent.

This William Clayton's executors paid to the trustees of the Blue-Coat Hospital the sum of £1,000. The Clevelands, whose monuments are also in the old church, bequeathed to the same charity premises which sold in 1802 for £1,706. 13s. 9d., chargeable with an annuity of £5 a year for ever to their *poorest relation*. The estates of the Clevelands have merged by marriage into the family of *Price*, of *Bryn-y-Pys*, who were owners of Birkenhead Priory, upon the shore opposite Liverpool. Cleveland Square derives its name from this family; it was for some time called Price's Square.

The parish church of St. Peter was built at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by a rate upon the inhabitants, aided by voluntary gifts of oak timber from the neighbouring gentlemen. The interior

is richly decorated with carving in the style of the sixteenth century. Architecture then being but little understood in Liverpool, four different patterns of door cases were procured from London and adopted, so that each door is of a different style. The Corporation are the patrons of the parish of Liverpool, and by the act obtained in 1699, will eventually be of all the churches in the township. Previously to that act, the Right Hon. Carill, Viscount Molyneux, was the patron of Walton parish; to the rector of which, Liverpool paid 29s. 3d. annually, and to the vicar, 2s. 3½d., in lieu of all claims for synods, &c. The two first rectors of Liverpool had been curates under Walton, and were appointed in 1699, and their appointment confirmed by act of Parliament in the same year. On the south side of the chancel of this church is a very costly monument erected to the memory of Foster Cunliffe, Esq., a great and prosperous merchant, who, in the early days of Liverpool commerce, prosecuted, with the greatest credit, a very extensive trade to America, the West Indies, and various other parts of the globe. He employed no less than sixteen vessels, with success to himself, and great advantage to the town. The pyramid of this monument is of dove marble, and the medallion and other ornaments of statuary marble; the vase or urn is supposed to contain his heart. He was a great patron of the Blue-Coat Hospital, to which he gave £1,000.

The family of Cunliffe has been long resident in Lancashire, and has enjoyed many respectable alliances; sharing, however, the fate of many other families, it did not escape the unhappy consequences of the wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster. So long ago as the second of Edward I. (A. D. 1202), in an inquisition concerning the *extent of the Manor of Manchester*, Adam de Conilive was named, with many others, upon oath, to conduct the inquiry. Robert de Conilive is joined with others, 25th Henry III. (1240), to be a witness to a gift made by William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, to David de Halton. The name of Cunliffe, which is variously spelt between the times of Edward I. and that of Henry VIII., is of Saxon origin. There is a tradition in the family that a Saxon prince or leader granted to one of their ancestors a portion of land with this appellation: "I *cun* (give) you this land to *life* (or support) yourself upon." From which circumstance the land was called *Cun-life*, and the family took the name from living upon it. The present spelling of the name does not occur until the time of James I. The land which was thus granted lies in the hundred and parish of Blackburn, in the townships of Billington, Rushton (or Rishton), and Harwood. On the domain stood an old hall, near Billington, called Cunliffe House, between Hollings and Whalley. The high land above it is called Cunliffe Moor, or Cunliffe Edge. In Saxon times these grants of land were not made in writing, the art of writing being little known. This fact, together with the troublesome times which characterised the struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, may account for the absence of any authentic records of the family previous to Henry VII., although the rolls of Clithero Castle sufficiently prove that the family lived always at Cunliffe House, and the largeness of the quit-rents show that they possessed large property. They suffered much in old times from the Danes, when they landed at *Rib-Chester*, and laid everything waste with fire and sword; few Saxon families, indeed, escaped save the *Towles* and *Sherbournes*, who fled to the hills. The Cunliffes fled in the direction of Rosendale, and suffered most severely, from lying nearest to the landing-place of the Danes. They were afterwards harassed by the Normans, who oppressed the Saxon landholders by confiscation and plundering. But what completed the ruin of the Cunliffe estates was the long and bloody Wars of the Roses, when the family was plundered by both parties. After Henry VII. came, when people

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looked for peaceful times, the Cunliffes were again much distressed by the King's favourites, who heavily fined all suspected of favouring the Yorkists. This so reduced the family that they were compelled to mortgage the estate to one Walmsley, a lawyer, and, not being redeemed, it has since remained with the heirs of Walmsley. The family before that time had two estates—*Cunliffe* and *Hollings*—which was a few miles off; and having thus lost the first, which they had enjoyed from time immemorial, they settled at *Hollings*. During the civil wars of Charles I., however, their old misfortunes attended them. They were plundered by Cromwell, the estate was sequestered, and an officer placed in the house. John Cunliffe of *Hollings* had at first been engaged on the side of Parliament, but becoming dissatisfied with their conduct, became a great opposer of Cromwell. This occasioned the loss of *Hollings*, and the family removed to *Whycollar Hall*, near *Colne*, which had come to them by a marriage with the *Hartleys* of *Whycollar*, and where they had a good house.

John Cunliffe was made by James I. steward of the four forests of *Auxton*, *Pendle*, *Trawden*, and *Rossendale*.

(To be Continued.)

### THE PEELER.

[WITH ABJECT APOLOGIES TO MR. TENNYSON.]

**H**E rose in haste and filled with meat,  
Shot from the seething bottomed glass—  
He reached the road and gained his beat,  
And waited underneath the gas.  
  
And as he waited, loud and long  
He heard the fierce Inspector's cry—  
Oh, Bobby, tho' thou'rt young and strong,  
I know thou'rt going to tell a lie!  
  
Thy tongue thy lip with yeast still licks,  
From moistening thy droughy clay;  
And on thy beard a fragment sticks,  
That doth thy little game betray.  
  
Oh, fool! he answered, what is beer,  
And what is rabbit pie to me?  
Were twenty cooks to me most dear,  
Think'st thou I would "inform" to thee?  
  
The public bawl "Police" in vain,  
And loudly swear it is a shame;  
They might as well their wrath restrain—  
They are to blame, they are to blame.  
  
Lor bless thee! lest I take my part  
In polishing the cold beef bone,  
My buxom cook would break her heart  
To eat her supper all alone!

### MUSIC.

**P**ERMIT me to inform thee, dear reader, before entering into the subject of the present essay, that it is not my intention to dwell on the scientific mode of manipulating the piano forte, the violin, the organ, or, in fact, any musical instrument whatever. As I am practically a stranger to the mysteries of melody, I may observe that the only instrument in which I ever took a particular interest, and in the study of which I attained even a tolerable degree of proficiency, was that sacred to the love of juveniles and the inseparable companion of itinerant "nigger companies."—I allude to that humble instrument yept a "tin whistle!" The name may have a twang of vulgarity about it in the ears of certain delicate individuals, but I assure the gentle reader that I cherished the delightful pennyworth with a paternal affection in my younger years, and considered the music of which it was capable slightly approaching the sublime. Ah! those happy times! I look back through the telescope of memory into the dim vista of the past, and so keen is my recollection of the innocent period, that I can hear again, in imagination, the melody I was wont to produce with such pardonable pride. I feel a touch of pleasure closely resembling that of the olden time. I was always an admirer of music. I should probably have invested in the purchase of a fiddle had my exchequer, when a juvenile, been of sufficient magnitude to outlive the demand, but remembering that I was only the recipient of an allowance never exceeding a shilling, my means were somewhat

limited, and I had to exercise a considerable amount of discretion ere parting with my transient wealth. The aforesaid whistle was one of the happiest of my purchases, for I never had reason to regret it, and certainly obtained from it a greater amount of pleasure and consolation than it is possible now-a-days to purchase for a penny. How often, silently and secretly, would I seek the forest-like quiet of our deserted garret, and awake the slumbering echoes with my beloved instrument, and how often would I abjure the vanities of the madding crowd to partake of the pleasure its melody afforded me. But, alas! As is usual, my happiness was not unmixed. I grieve to say it's faith, but my unfortunate parents was not of a musical turn of mind like their precocious offspring; and that beautifully melodious song, so full of unquestionable pathos and unequalled expression, "I'll not go home 'till morning," had a spasmodic effect on my listening parents, whose sufferings, I am assured, defied description. I pitied them—of a surety I pitied them—and observed, with a solemnity of manner beyond my years, that they didn't know good music when they heard it. I was an enthusiast. I tried with commendable perseverance to impress upon my unhappy parents the value and elegance of my instrument, but every effort was futile—they were stubborn. They still clung to their original idea of music, and when I played "the blue bells of Scotland," as an example of genuine melody, they passed gently into the arms of Morpheus. I was exasperated. They acknowledged the melody of the song as originally written, but contended that my conception of the music was entirely wrong. It is needless to say I pined. Encouragement is everything to the youth whose heart burns with the fire of ambition; without it, he is sure to sink into the undesirable "slough of despond," and pass quietly and sadly through the world, exemplifying the truth of Gray's charming couplet:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It was so with me. Like the majority of juvenile hobbies, however, my adoration for the whistle passed away with the rush of years, and now on the verge of manhood, I cannot recognise it as an instrument of melody. With gratitude, however, do I think of the beloved of my infancy, for, as it afforded me so many hours of innocent happiness, it would indeed be unseemly in me to scorn it in my years of discretion.

Music is of several kinds. There are many affairs recognised by the general public as melodies, which in the eye of sober consideration, are not melodies at all; and there are many instruments commonly called "musical," which, in the real meaning of the word, have no legitimate claim to the title. In the first place let us consider what is music and what is not.

Arise from the depths where my hatred hath placed ye, O ye ancient and unmelodious realities! Arise, O ye wandering machines, known to the world as barrel organs, and let us consider ye!

Is there any music in a barrel organ? Methinks, indulgent reader, thou wilt find little reason to pause ere answering this question. Does not the recollection of agony passed, and which thou hast probably hoped "may never return again," frame for thee a ready answer in the negative? It may be, of course, that thou hast been favourably impressed with the machine; it may be that its dismal and unmusical groaning has come to thee in thine hours of trouble with the gentle hand of sympathy, and bore a consolation to thy thankful breast, but I do feel doubtful. For my own part, I am a deadly enemy of the barrel organ. Its very mention gives rise to a feeling of agony. But I have a great desire for justice, and have, on several occasions, endeavoured to discover the melody which some classes of our community seem to observe in the instrument, but none have I found. I have sought for that enthusiasm which one naturally expects to find in the faces of the unflagging grinders of the machines, but the anxious eye, wherein I have sought for the frenzy of the musician, has been busy in the contemplation of the passers by, the face constantly assuming a sweet and insinuating expression, with a view to the ultimate capture of a little substantial acknowledgment. It is wonderful, of a truth, how effective these barrel organs are over the hearts of a certain class of the general public. I allude especially to those who are in the habit of dancing. So that his instrument is capable of something bearing the semblance of a waltz, a polka, or otherwise, and will enable the lover of Terpsichore to enjoy his or her favourite relaxation for a few moments, the insipid grinder of the

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barrel organ may be sure of a little appreciation. It may be an uncharitable fact, but I consider the barrel organist a veritable nuisance, especially to the contemplative and the poetical. Oft when I have been sitting in my retired (as I have thought) study, busily engaged in fashioning my ideas, and piercing the depths of small philosophy, I have been disturbed by the lingering howling of the clumsy instrument under consideration, and when I have gazed through the window, and caught the eye of the persevering musician, he has, in the calmest possible manner, insinuated, and smiled, and tapped the region of his pocket in the very face of my discomfiture. I have gesticulated; I have bawled; I have entreated, through the medium of my hands. But no! The villain has remained before me, smiling with a remarkable serenity, and grinding away to my extreme mortification and unspeakable disgust. The only effectual way of dismissing these vendors of caricatured melody, is the contribution of a penny or so, whereas the organist, having obtained the object of his visit, departeth smilingly on his way to the torture of some other unfortunate mortal.

The grinder of the barrel organ is not the only offender against the dignity of song. Next in order of merit come those uneven and large headed individuals who perambulate the country under the title of "German bands," and who awake the slumbering echoes, together with the agony of the unhappy listener, with the dismal howling of their badly managed instruments. I have many a time reflected over these unhappy fellows. I have sighed to see little boys, vigorously puffing at instruments almost as big as themselves, vainly endeavouring to elicit something of the nature of a tune, and with the charitable intention of affording their jaws a little well-earned rest, I have contributed my mite, and suggested the desirability of "moving onward." But I have never known them move far away. Ere the lapse of five minutes I have heard the echo of their instruments again, which has assured me that they care little whether their faces assume a prematurely bleated appearance or otherwise.

(To be Continued.)

#### POLITICAL PARODIES—No. 3.

*Air—“Old King Coal.”*

OUR good Queen Dole  
Was a patient soul,

A melancholy soul was she;  
She saw that the country was going fast to pot,

So she called for her fiddlers three.

And “tweedle, tweedle, twee,” went Beaky,

And Northcote and Salisbur—ee

Went tweedle, tweedle, twee, in the key of sharp B—,

They were all in harmon—ee.

But good Queen Dole

Was a critical soul.

And she said to the bold Beak—ee:

You'll find too soon that you're playing out of tune,

For it so appears plainly to me.

But “tweedle, tweedle, twee,” went the fiddlers,

Whilst answered the great Beak—ee:

Though I may be out of tune, I will crush them very soon

With imperial pol—i—cee!

And good Queen Dole

Had a patriotic soul,

And she turned her unto Salisbur—ee,

Saying: O'er the sea there comes a tale of ruined homes,

By invading English soldier—ee!

But “tweedle, tweedle, twee,” went the fiddlers,

And then replied Salisbur—ee,

Though I break the people's hearts, I'll astonish foreign parts

With a spirited pol—i—cee!

As good Queen Dole

Was a careful, saving soul,

Unto Northcote then next turned she,

Your playing with the cash, till there'll be a general smash,

And a terrible deficien—ee!

But “tweedle, tweedle, twee,” went the fiddlers,

As Staffy answered solemn—lee:

I can pile up heavy debt, with a safe assurance yet,

That it never will be paid by me.

#### PORTRAITS—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

BORN 1328. DIED 1400.

[BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.]

FOR was the poet likely to accept a sham. Neither in his life nor in his writings is there anything to suggest that he was wanting in the ordinary honesty of men. Before the poet can be charged with acting on a spurious patent, and receiving pay for work not done, he must be proved by evidence, not yet discovered, to have been a cheat. The builders' art was then regarded as a noble, even a royal art, the proper study and profession of a liberal mind. Kings were of the craft, and many learned clerks were architects, no less proud of their skill in raising church and cloister, keep and palace, than of their dexterity in supporting the theses of Duns Scotus and demolishing the heresies of Wycliffe and Montesano. Henry the Third and Edward of Windsor had been masters of the craft. Gundulph had been a great architect. Many prelates had proved excellent builders. Puiset had left some noble work in York; Trotman, yet nobler work at Wells. Wykeham was the living representative of a line of learned men, who, bishops and chancellors by profession, had become architects and engineers from choice. Travel and study had turned their fancies to the craft, and their frequent journeys through France and Italy on the way to Rome had given them opportunities for comparing, one with another, the most famous edifices in the world.

Chaucer was like those priests in being a travelled man. Not only had he seen St. George's chapel rise from the ground, but, like the travelling priests, was able to compare that fabric with the most famous specimens of building art. Westminster Abbey was known to him by heart. Rochester and Canterbury were hardly less familiar to his eye. He knew Antwerp and Bruges. More than once he had passed through Rheims and Chartres. With Rouen and Paris he was well acquainted. If the faculty were in him, there had been no lack of good examples to inspire his art. Chaucer had paced the colonnades at Genoa, and compared the palaces and baptistries of Pisa with those of Florence. He had lodged in Padua in the shadow of St. Antonio. Was he a man to let such chances slip? That Chaucer was a man of many parts we know. Lover of books and learning, he was not the less a man of arms, student of law, and member of the inner temple; he was not the less a royal valet, paying personal service to the king. Knight of the shire for Kent, he was not the less an officer of excise, engaged in the practical duty of taking the king's dues and writing out receipts. Poet-laureate, scanning verse and drinking largess, he was not the less an agent of the king in foreign courts. Edward had sent him to Flanders, France, and Genoa, on public business. Richard had employed his talents in confidential missions to the court of Charles, and to the camp of Hawkwood. Take him in the round, Chaucer was a man of great capacity for work, and work of many kinds. He was a soldier, he was a lawyer, he was a courtier, he was an exciseman, he was an ambassador. Why may he not have been an architect? But whether an adept in the craft or not, the poet came to Windsor in the days of Wykeham's chancellorship, with the king's commission, given to him by his Lancastrian friend, as master of his majesty's works.

When Chaucer entered on his task, the chapel of St. George, like the great kingdom of which that saint was now become the patron, lay in a state of waste. Chaucer's commission to repair the chapel ran in the usual form. He was empowered to seek out woodmen, carpenters, and masons both in town and country, and to seize them in the king's name, for his royal service. No man was exempt from his arresting power, unless he were employed on either church or priory. The wages of his captured workmen were fixed by royal order. If a digger or a joiner ran away, thinking of higher wages in a meaner service, he was subject to arrest by the sheriff, and imprisonment during the king's pleasure. Cob-house in Windsor, and Newgate in Lofodon was choked with runagates from the royal works. No person were allowed to shelter and employ absconding men. Even priests and monks were held to strict account; and, whether he were cleric or layman, any person proved to have given shelter or employment to a craftsman who had slipt away from the work on St. George's chapel, was condemned to forfeit the whole of his goods.

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## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—Pantomime—*Dick Whittington and His Cat*.  
 Prince's Theatre.—Pantomime—*The Forty Thieves*.  
 Queen's Theatre.—Pantomime—*Old Mother Goose*.  
 The Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment.  
 The Folly.—Variety Entertainment.  
 Free Trade Hall.—Diorama—“Route to India.”  
 Whalton's, Bridge Street.—German Fair.  
 Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

HAS Lord Beaconsfield resigned, or has Lord Rosebery gone over to the Tories? We see that the latter nobleman has been elected President of the entire Conservative organization, we beg pardon, the asylum for idiots! *It's all the same!*—P.D.

WHEN will dangerous performances in our theatres and music halls be prohibited? Here is a poor fellow at Leeds with a compound fracture of the skull, which will probably prove fatal, and all for the gratification of a morbid public taste for these life-risking spectacles. Why cannot the authorities interfere at once?

THE matter ought to be strictly enquired into. If the propelling force put upon the ball which is caught by the performer is merely just sufficient to reach him, then any extra propulsion, for the purpose of rendering poor Fenton unable to stop it, if proved, places that man's death, if it takes place, to the account of the proprietors of the Princess Palace Music Hall.

A PHYSICIAN, who administers a bolus to relieve you of a cold in the head, is not necessarily a *catarrh-piller*!

A MAN must be dull who never knew a *bright eyed dear*!

THE classic cartoon which appeared in last week's *Punch* is, we believe, to be found in the *Tomahawk* of December 12th, 1868.

MR. Theodore Martin is to be made a K.C.B., which means Knight Commander of the Bath. The Order of the Bath is strictly a military Order, and “no person is eligible to this class under the rank of major-general in the army, or rear-admiral in the navy.” We wonder what Mr. Theodore Martin's rank is, or what his warlike achievements are—surely writing a memoir of the late Prince Consort does not rank as a victory; although the present Government are so used to crying “Victory” that they seem to have forgotten the meaning of the term.

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IT is stated that Her Majesty will proceed shortly on a continental visit—this time to Germany. Perhaps she intends to make a tour of the Rhine, we shall have to find the *Rhino*.

IF the august lady is fond of “scenes and pastures new,” why cannot she make a tour of the Thames, or the Trent, or the Severn? but perhaps their associations are not so attractive to our English queen as those of the Rhine, where the Vandals, Huns, Allemanni, and other robber hordes, from whom she boasts her descent, committed their crimes and depredations.

SUPPOSE, if she really wishes to visit a foreign land, she tries Ireland by way of a change; Killarney is as beautiful as Baveno, and for a river exploration she can take the Shannon. Pleasant stories can be brought from the continent of her affability to the Swiss peasants—we should like to hear just one anecdote of her being seen in interchange of conversation with a Connemara boy. But then the starving Irishman is not so noble a fellow as the countryman of William Tell—the grand Swiss, who furnish us with all our organ-grinders and hurdy-gurdy players—noble fellows!

WAS the Duke of Edinburgh's inspection of the Naval Reserves, at Sheerness, a sheer-ness *cessity*?

*Capital eyes* should never be dotted—wife-beaters please to note the fact.

OUR P.D. will be the death of us. He came to us in his usual unassuming manner yesterday, and said, “Oh, sir, I've got such a stunning historical fact for you. I can tell you who first introduced walking sticks.” We of course asked for the proffered information, mechanically putting our hand into our pocket in order to abstract therefrom a suitable reward, when he sided towards the door with a smile, saying “It was Eve, sir, when she presented Adam with a little *Cain*.” He didn't stay for the reward, but it's waiting for him.

WE had no anticipation when we sympathised last week with the reporter of the *City News* on his implied want of humour, and did violence to all our political predilections on his behalf, by advising him to attend a few Conservative meetings in order to supply the deficient faculty, that our words would have the effect of confuting themselves. The gentleman has written us a letter brimming over with humour. We will not go the extreme length of saying that it is good humour, but, short of this, it is decided in its character, and fully establishes the claim of the writer to the title of a humourist.

THE reporter asserts that he did report what the *Guardian* said, and gives the words:—“*Guardian* (excitedly): Mr. Chairman, has the expenditure of the Committee nothing to do with the Board?” Just previously the Chairman interrupted the *Guardian* and asked him whether he meant to move a resolution. The *Guardian* answered: “That having failed to move Mr. Smith's resolution not to tell how much money the Committee had spent, he did not care to move any other resolution.” This jest showed the mood the *Guardian* was in, and the reporter did not report it. We did not say that the reporter omitted what the *Guardian* was *saying* but what he *said*.

“I leave your readers to judge,” the reporter of the *City News* concludes, “whether these words convey the idea that the *Guardian* was laughing when he uttered them.” The reporter means to say that the sentiment contained in the words was not a laughing matter. He implies that it was a very serious and a very grave occurrence that the Poor-law *Guardians* should publicly declare that the Board of *Guardians* had nothing to do with the expenditure of public money by a small committee charged with a trivial duty. He implies that such a declaration could only be alluded to “warmly” or “indignantly,” or with triumphant laughter at having elicited such an admission. We quite agree with the reporter. The sentiment expressed must have excited amazement or strong feeling of some sort, just as our friendly hint about want of humour has excited profound astonishment in the reporter's mind.

WE have heard that the Bishop of Manchester is about to make him an Honorary Canon at the request of a public body. His not being in orders will offer no impediment.

RHYME FOR CHIMNEY.

THE High Church is psalm'y,  
The Low Church is hymn'y;  
Both are grimy and balmy,  
With fumes of the chimney.

WE have pleasure in calling attention to the series of pamphlets entitled *Portrait Gallery*, now appearing from the *Hand and Heart* office. No. 2 is that of Dr. Fraser, our Bishop, and it has a capital portrait of his Lordship on the first page. The pamphlet is very neatly printed, contains sixteen pages, and is a good little memoir.

NOTES &c. &c.

THE Queen has commanded that, in future drawing-rooms, three plumes must be worn very conspicuously on the heads of all ladies who approach the Royal presence. This regulation will be strictly enforced *feather* they like it or not.

WE attended the Penitential services on Friday at the cathedral, and afterwards by special invitation, along with the Dean and Chapter, paid a visit to Little's extensive Oyster Stores, under the Victoria Arches, where we were treated a most agreeable luncheon. The excellent bread and exquisite butter adding a relish and gusto to the abundant supply of beautifully fresh natives, we seldom remember being equalled. His reverence promised another visit to Mr. Little's establishment.

ACCORDING to the explanation of Lord Beaconsfield last Tuesday, the Tripartite Treaty was never meant to hold a *tripper tight* at all. In fact it has been *loosely* kept by all parties.

WE cannot understand the argument urged by the ex-Empress of the French, and her toadies, in which capacity we feel bound to include some of our own top-of-the-pinnacle class, that Captain Carey was bound to get killed because the Prince Imperial *would* delay mounting his horse. In fact the moral of the story is that British chivalry was bound to sacrifice both Captain Carey and the soldiers that were with him out of respect to the young man. We wonder if the chivalry of all the Bonapartes who ever lived would have made such a self-sacrifice?

LORD Cairns talks largely of Christian philanthropy—here is a specimen of Christian work which he could reform. He has presented to the Rev. Dr. Forbes the living of St. Olaves, Jewry, the net value of which is £980 a year, as a reward of thirty years' service at the British Embassy in Paris. The congregation average eight, and has never for years been known to exceed twenty. Another clergyman, who has performed thirty years' faithful service in the church, has been presented with an order for admission to the Axminster Workhouse! As a contrast to St. Olaves, Jewry, we may say that the Vicarage of St. Paul's in Goswell-road, with its population of 7,000 souls, is worth £130 a year.

THE Blackballing of Col. Colthurst, M.P. for Cork County, at the Reform Club is a greater blow to the Home Rule party than the Liverpool Election.

THERE is one Empress who believes in Ireland's being part of the terrestrial globe—the Empress of Austria; but that Empress entrusts her constitution to horses, whereas the Empress of India places her constitutional welfare on the heads of another set of animals entirely.

"THERE is a divinity doth hedge a king." Another blow-up in Russia, this time at the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg! Doesn't it seem singular that when the imperial train was "exploded" the Czar was not a passenger, and, now, when the Winter Palace is operated upon, the imperial family, by an "accidental" delay had not sat down to dinner? We should say that it was almost likely that such explosions were specially arranged.

RUSSIA will wager *Herat* that she occupies Merv. It would be a mere *el* if she did not.

TWO of the commanders of the Turcoman force are Mahomed *Isa* Khan and Mahomed *Aziz* Khan. We should like somebody to translate to us the difference between the pair.

AND the site chosen by the Prince of Wales, and the committee who follow his lead, for the monument of the ex-Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey, is the place where once rested the bones of Oliver Cromwell. Was it not a sufficient insult to the people of this country to erect in the sacred fane of their kings, heroes, and men of wisdom, a statue to one who never had a thought or impulse for England, but whose sole being was centred in his own selfish aggrandisement, without blotting out for ever the name of our grandest reformer, and the great founder of our constitutional liberties? The stern puritan, too, who saved even our very church from annihilation. Oh, Dean Stanley, you have much to answer for!

ON LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

HERE is a notion current among Liberal politicians that the success of the Conservatives is chiefly owing to the perfection of their discipline. We speak of them as if they were a thoughtless, passionless, moonstruck multitude, swayed hither and thither, in high or low tides, by the external attraction of a nocturnal luminary that rules their destinies in semi-darkness. We habitually regard them as men who allow their leaders to think and feel for them, and who reserve for themselves only the power of mechanical obedience to the word of command. To this blind submissiveness to a guiding outside will, we ascribe their unanimity and their power. And gazing with admiration on the orderly evolutions of this well-trained army, we, of course, are seized with a spirit of emulation. Like the frog in the fable we see a calf, and are ready to inflate ourselves to bursting in order that we may become as great a calf. Now we want to say in the strongest and briefest words we can employ, that our ideas about Conservative organization are utterly baseless and misleading. The Conservatives are organized, so far as simultaneous action is concerned, but their organization is much more the result of identity of personal conviction than of passive obedience to orders. They move together at the command of their leaders, but those leaders inspire confidence and enthusiasm by their actions in a much greater degree than they do by their words. The Conservative party is possessed by the most powerful passion that ever hurried away the soul of man. It does not keep step at the bidding of an outer voice, nor is it held together by the tie of a vague companionship. It is governed and inflamed by the most violent feelings and motives that human nature is capable of. Each individual Conservative is a furious advocate of increase of territory by conquest. He naturally trusts and obeys the men who feed this insatiate appetite. Ambition rages in the heart of each Conservative. The lower he is in social position, the more forcibly is his bosom swept by this madness. It is in vain that you reason with him about badness of trade. It is a great military country he aspires to belong to, and not a great trading country. It is to no purpose that you point to poverty invading his home. His mind is his kingdom, and he rejoices with a joy beyond the sober satisfaction of rewarded industry when he sees this kingdom enlarging to an unbounded empire. The term Conservative no longer fully describes the party formerly so denominated. They are acquisitives or progressionists. In exact keeping with this advancing policy abroad is a retrogressive policy at home. They passionately long for the return of class-tyranny. Love of dominion, lust of rule is natural to us. There is no excitement, no play for the restless energies of nature in the quiet growth of equal institutions. It is a mistake to suppose that only great kings or great statesmen know the stings of ambition, or are governed by the love of power. Every soldier we have fighting in India or Africa towers in pride of dominion over the people whom he reduces to subjection. There is not a Conservative in England who does not aspire to have a share in the government and control of his fellow-subjects in those islands. The Conservatives are fighting for dominion in England as the armies sent out by Conservative statesmen are fighting for dominion in Afghanistan. A week since, at a Conservative meeting in Manchester, where one of our city members made his appearance, the whole

audience rose and sang "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." Was there ever an incident of more portentous significance? Was that the effect of drill, or of spontaneous aspiration? Did the Liberalism of Manchester shudder at such an indication of purpose? Did it start to its feet in indignant defence?

We fear it has not sufficient sensitiveness to appreciate the insult or the challenge. It trusts to its discipline, and discipline is an emotionless quality. It cannot hear a menace or see a danger. To this state has our love of organization brought us. We have improved on the fable of the frog and the calf. It was a lion we saw and mistook for a calf. And now, after having taken all those pains to attain the dimensions and docility of the calf, we stand face to face with a lion. While the Tories were lashing their sides and swelling their rage to the magnitude of their vast organization we were sub-dividing ourselves into regiments, and separating into platoons, and forming into hollow squares, under the dictation of martialship and drill-sergeantry and secretariatism. One of the will-o'-th'-wishes of to-day is to fancy that art is to be cultured merely as art, and not as conducive to happiness or comfort. Mr. Swinburne celebrates murder as a fine art. The Liberals cultivate organization as if it were the end and aim of political existence. They have brought it to the highest pitch of artistic completeness. They are adepts in every difficult manoeuvre. They have been commanded and countermanded, marched and counter-marched, until they have lost all sense of what direction they are going in. This is no doubt conducive to discipline. They receive the order of the day from the sergeant without the power of distinguishing whether he got it from his commanding officer or from the enemy. Liberal Associations have been drilled until they are ready to vote black and white, after voting it black two days before. They have been drilled until they are ready to fight against their most tried friend as if he were a bitter enemy, or for their bitterest enemy as if he were a tried and proved and tested friend. On this delicately-poised machinery—on this artificial causeway of aerial tracery, they are about to embark the priceless and wondrous train of the nation's best hopes, while the concentrated tempest of Tory wrath roars down the gorge. Can they not see that there is a mortis of unnatural organization as well as one that is healthy and sound? Can they not see that there is an organization of wens and warts and absurd formations, as well as one of useful and systematical members? Can they not see that this present state of dispersion into isolated and independent societies is anarchy and not order, disorganization and not organization? It is an absolute fact, proved by repeated experience, that this modern discipline for which we have sacrificed so much is almost wholly confined to the heads of departments, and is not available for any other purpose than the perpetration of little official jobs, and the management of small personal intrigues. It is a well-known fact that whole districts have been left unvisited, and thousands of Liberal voters left uncanvassed, and unsolicited, unless by the Tories, at nearly all our late elections. It was so at Salford, and it was so at Liverpool. There is a perfect system as far as concerns the secret manipulation of a Committee or a Council, but there is no strategy that fires the luke-warm, instructs the ignorant, and inspirits the desponding. All the jealousy and etiquette of a court have established themselves in the Liberal cause. The distribution of favours is more affected than the assignment of duties. In fact organization is overdone. It is running to seed. We want life. We want the inspiration of a great cause. We want first principles. We want the cry of the right of man shouted by the people till it is echoed from heaven and drowns the discord of earth. We are like a hundred pools on the deserted sands, unconnected, and slowly evaporating into emptiness. We want the ocean of eternal truth to flow in upon us and make us one. As for our organization, we repeat, it is thoroughly superficial. A mill whose wheel is turned and corn ground by a stream, does not organize that stream.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITY JACKDAW.

WISHING to hear the debates in the House of Commons last week, I wrote O. O. Walker, Esq., M.P., asking if he would kindly furnish me with a pass to the Strangers' Gallery. To my surprise I did not receive either a pass or an acknowledgment of my note. I am well aware of the limit the members of the Commons have in granting

passes, and should not have resented a refusal, but certainly think I was entitled to a reply. Failing this application, I then wrote Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P., and in response received a pass, and also a note expressing regret that my application had not reached him a day sooner, as in proper course it should have done.

Here we have two members of the House of Commons, men who sit there through the efforts and will of electors like myself, yet how different these two have shown themselves. One treats a reasonable application with contempt; the other complies in a most gentlemanly manner.

In all probability the general election is at hand, and I shall not forget the treatment of each. No efforts on my part shall be spared to deprive O. O. Walker of as many votes as possible, and on the other hand no efforts shall be spared to gain Jacob Bright as many votes as it is in my power to influence.—Yours faithfully,

AN ELECTOR.

#### A POTATO FEED.

(Dedicated to Owd P—r.)

[BY BEN JONSON THE SECOND.]

ONE night at a pub., not a mile out of town,  
Some twenty-five souls to a "pie" sat them down,  
Of beef, and the root propagated well here,  
And we moistened it well with a drop of Joe's beer;  
The tables being cleared without "clatter" or riot,  
The chair being taken, and all being quiet;  
When the "pie" got well settled, the chairman ere long  
Hoped that one of the number would give us a song.  
Now, pray, gentle reader, don't think I'm in fun,  
But the very first singer was really a *Nun*;  
How this person got there, I daresay you may wonder,  
But the song was soon finished with many a blunder.  
This Nun sang another, a most touching thing,  
We began soon to think this person could sing,  
When out came a third, about a ship full of slaves,  
That were taken one morning beyond the dark waves.

A call being made on a regular wag—  
A notorious *Walker* (this I say without brag)—  
"Rolling home early" was the pith of his ditty,  
And that ever he sang was a very great pity.  
The chair was next pressed, just to help us along,  
Which he did in that ex-matrimonial song  
Of Simon the Cellarer. He sang it right well,  
So that none of us there dared attempt to excel.

The next one to rise, in response to a call,  
Was a real old friend, well known to us all;  
His song was the best one in his little store,  
Next time he will give us a small trifle more.

A new member then followed, his music to try,  
And the Union Jack he put up to the sky;  
When some one remarked that "he'd gan it 'em straight,  
And by th' gusto he gan it, he'd be he could feight."

A friend from the Moor then gave us a song,  
With his elbows and kauckles to help him along;  
All the time he was singing our sides were all shaking,  
Until he had gone through the whole "Barley Raking."

A very stout friend volunteered a stave,  
And he spoke of Britannia ruling the wave;  
No doubt many of us had heard it before,  
But it was all he had, so he couldn't give more.

The song kept well going, the "damping" as well,  
And all seemed as happy as the first marriage bell;  
When our "chair" intimated 'twas time he should go,  
So to take his position our vice wasn't slow.

He sat down in the chair (a wily old dog),  
And hoped that the chairman would leave him some grog,  
Which he did—"twas a whisky to warm his old crop,  
But, poor soul, he was destined to ne'er taste a drop.

A man look so foolish I ne'er saw before—  
He looked on the table, then looked on the floor,  
Then he looked at his FRIENDS, who were seated behind,  
But not one drop of "dew" could our new chairman find.  
So now I must leave you "spud" growers to mend,  
At your next merry meeting, you all may depend,  
If I can make it right to be there all the time,  
I'll check you all off in some doggerel rhyme.

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## "A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITY JACKDAW.

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised to learn, when travelling to London, that, being a Radical, there was no chance of going to heaven unless I turned Tory and Imperialist. In that case, thought I, what becomes of the greatest of all men?—for He was the greatest Radical of His age, albeit it is nearly two thousand years ago. This is the first time we ever heard politics were an essential in our future state.

The gentleman who made this astounding assertion described himself as a good Conservative and an Imperialist.

Naturally, I combated his assertion, and he was so disgusted with my antagonism, and want of sympathy, that he left our compartment when we arrived at Stafford, and finished his journey to London with more congenial spirits, for, as he asserted, anyone who believed anything the papers said *against* Imperialism and Conservatism was a fool, and the papers themselves were liars.

Bravo, Jingo! Truly thou art a mighty god; thy devotees render thee blind homage and obedience, and are impervious to reason!

SENEX.

## NO DREAM.

WAS it a dream that we walked alone  
In the starlight, when the dance was done,  
And your light laughter echoed my own,  
For sadness or sorrow we had none?  
Was it a dream, I question my heart,  
Since we are now, for ever, apart?

Was it a dream that a silence fell  
Swiftly upon us, walking apart,  
And I drooped my face lest it should tell  
The hidden secret of my sad heart?  
Was it a dream that you paused, to gaze  
In averted eyes by the lamplight's rays?

Was it a dream that your lips touched mine,  
With lover kisses, tender and sweet?  
And my heart's grief you could not divine  
In that hour of rapture, all too fleet—  
For too true a prophet was that heart;  
It knew we had only met to part.

Was it a dream that the tears rained down,  
Then while you pressed me close to your heart?  
(Though dearer your love than a queen's bright crown.)  
For O, it is hard with true love to part!  
Ah, well might such bitter tear drops fall,  
For love like yours is the saddest of all.

Was it a dream? Ah, no dream it was,—  
Sadly too real; sadly too true;  
We met too late and I knew, alas!  
You for long years the meeting might rue;  
Yet take as comfort through weary years,  
That my eyes shed for you such bitter tears.

Whalley Range.

K. TAYLOR.

## SCHOOL-BOARD ESSAYS: COOKERY.

COOKERY is done with meat, and potatoes, and cabbidge, and pudding, on every Sunday. You must light a fire. You put sticks, and paper, and koles, and then set light to it. If it wont burn you can boil the meat and potaters, but I like them baked best, because there is plenty of fat; sometimes a fire wont burn because the sticks are wet, out of the yard, and it takes such a time. The cook in a situation, has to sweep the chimney. You call in a sweep, and kiss him, for his mother. Then you send for some sweepstakes, for his dinner. While he is eating his stakes, you go up the chimney, beat foot foremost, and put your head out of the chimney pot, and cry sweep. I have not seen this, but read it in a book, about poor little negro children. There is a fish called soul, which is often fride, another fish is the skate, which is put on the ice. The lady at number seven, said to her servant, if you can get me a made, you may get yourself a place, and the servant went to a fishop. The whiting is a fish, that is cooked with browning, but

if the sut falls, down the chimney, it becomes blacking, which is what they clean boots with. A black pudding is made white, at first, like a whiting, fish, but it is made black with blackled, which makes it shine so. If a black pudding, ort to be white, you wash the blackled off it. I like the lumps of fat, in a black pudding, I think it is better than lumps of delite. I once eat a beedel, it was not nice. But I like hot permatum, also sperats. The cooks company is in the city, but sometimes cooks have a lot of company in the kitchen. Misses Browns cook did, when they was out town, and she went away when Misses Brown come back. Roasting is done with a fire, the same as chestnuts, at the corner of angpender alley, where the man sells them 4 aifny. Boiling is done in a boiler, which I suppose is wat they ll bubbil and squeek.

## SKETCHES BY JINGO (Concluded.)

## XXX.—OLD BARKER'S VALENTINE; OR, A CURE FOR A JEALOUS WIFE.

(Continued from last week.)

"S yo known," began Barker, resuming the thread of his interesting narrative, and winking maliciously at Betty the while, "aw laft off wheere aw gan th' yung woman hoo ud sent me th' valentoine a reet deawn hearty kiss upon her pratty lips. Aw expected eawr Betty to rush eawt o'th' hedge backin, but aw're evidently mistakken, for theere hoo hid, thinkin' no deawt that hoo met us weel see th' end o'th' little farce which were beein' carried on reet afore her very een!"

"Did th' valentoine reyeh yore Betty awwret," said th' yung woman, speakin' so us th' watcher in th' hedge could yer every word, un judgin' bi th' unyezzy rustling aw yerd eych neaw un again Betty didn't appear quoite so happy us if hoo're a whoam bi her own feyresode. 'It did, my lass,' aw replied, 'un reet glad aw am ut theau sent it when theau did, for eaur Betty has gotten so mighty jealous ut aw've not a minute's pace wi her—drat her! 'What toime cont bi ready for't goo wi me to America, owd brid!' said oi, smacking mi lips together, in order to mak Betty believe aw're not quite fifty yards fro th' yung woman's face. 'Hey, Jack,' hoo replied, fainin' shoy, 'durnt ax mi; what would yore Betty say if hoo knewed they're axing me sich a question? Theaw's promised for't love un cherish her till death dun yo part; so aw think theaw'd betther turn reawnd un go whoam un wait, if theau loikes, till yore Betty *kicks th' bucket*, un then, perhaps aw may change mi moind; coud porritch soon warmed up, them knows, so hi thi whoam, owd lad, or theaw'll ha' yore Betty after thi!' 'That aw shannot,' aw said, 'Thee, un thee only, art aw I love, un thee aw meean for't have i' spite ov aw th' obstacles theau con put i' my way.' I took her hont un 'pressin' it to my lips I pretendud to kiss i' siche a fervent way us must a' bin rayther aggravatin' to th' silent watcher close by. 'Us if struck wi a sudden thowt aw said—Suppose wi han a bid ov a walkin; it's gettin coud here.' Takkin' her hont aw're in th' act o' walkin' away, when eawt rushed Betty, yellin' loike fury. 'Who art'a, theaw brazen-faced snicket, ut daref for't meet marrid men in a place loike this! Un as for thee—turnin' upon me loike a' angry lioness—'theau two-faced seacwndhill, aw'll mak thi rue this neet's wark!' Getten howd o'th' woman, Betty dragged th' wench closer to her and found, to her astonishment, not a stranger as she expected, but mi yungest sistrer, whom aw'd promised a new silk dhress if hoo carried out mi little plan to mi satisfactshun. Didn't Betty look foolish when hoo seed th' thrikc ut had bin played on her! 'As for me,' concluded Barker, smiling in the direction of his 'owd rib,' aw never agen had reyson to complain o' my wif'e's jealous ways, for, fro' that day, hoo never taunted me wi' bein' fond o' flurtin' wi' every pratty girl aw met!

THE END.

We have received a justification from the *City News* Reporter, of his assertion that a certain member of the Board of Guardians spoke "excitedly" and was not "laughing." We think his explanation is quite satisfactory, and only refrain from publishing his letter in full from a feeling that it is not a matter of public interest.

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Tory Election Agent.

This was the opinion of a barman in the borough on the subject of the election last week. His observations started a train of reasoning of which the following is the substance.

Is there, thought I, anything remarkable in the result? Was it not expected from the moment it was found that Shipton had determined to go to the poll?

It is to be observed, that though the Tory was expected to head the poll, it was not thought that he would overtop both the Liberal candidates. What, then, is the chief factor in the new discovery? That this abominable "working man's candidate" bogus is likely to produce untold disasters to the Liberal cause. We have no doubt that as long as trades' secretaries can find working men so infatuated with this working-man-representative craze as to consent to form committees and work for the return of such candidates, so long will the "Man in the Moon" be found ready to find money to largely defray the expenses attendant upon procuring the coveted opportunity of wresting a Liberal seat from the party.

The attempt to return a working-class representative, as such, for any English borough, is nearly certain to produce the same result as at Southwark, and the man, or set of men, who will jeopardise a Liberal seat, in order to attempt the return of a merely class representative—howsoever large that class may be—deserves the severest condemnation. It is marvellous that in this age we should have still to be urging the first principles of party politics. No greater need existed in 1832 for Liberal union than now exists, and yet the partisans of Mr. Shipton went headlong to the poll when they must have been perfectly aware he had not the smallest chance of success. There was nothing noble, nothing heroic, nor even reasonable in this persistence, and we can only surmise that the non-retirement of Mr. Shipton was for the sole determined purpose of dividing the Liberal party. It is of small purpose to explain that there is only a part of a session for the Parliament to run, and that another contest, fought under happier auspices, may restore the lost seat; the pernicious example has been set, and where it may end we cannot even conjecture. The Liberal party, man for man, ought also to remember that they are confronted and opposed by a party divorced from every principle of morality and rectitude in public affairs, and dedicated to the sole purpose of winning the elections by any means under heaven which their wits can devise. If money, beer, sophistry, bigotry, passion, or corruption, is necessary to win, then are they prepared to let loose the necessary forces of the diabolical order for that purpose; whilst, to sow the seeds of discord, to snap the bonds of brotherhood, to "let loose the dogs of war," to open the jaws of famine, appears their practice and delight. Their conduct is easily explained. "They are on the side of the angels"; they claim to be the servants of high heaven; they are not moved by mundane considerations; their voice is the voice of God; and thus to win, in the Tory mind, is to fulfil the behests of heaven.

The plain lesson for Liberals, taught by the character of our opponents, and the natural results of our disunion, is to stand fast by the selection made by the representatives of the Ward Committees, and always give an undivided support to the Liberal candidate so chosen, whether we personally approve the selection or not. The simple reason is that an indifferent Liberal is better for the cause of human progress than any Tory, however clever. Should any candidate determinedly thrust himself forward in spite of the Liberal Committee, make such man feel that his task is as hopeless as to attempt to chain the ocean. With no class of candidate for suffrages is this line of con-

#### SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

"**C**AINT no use them bloomin' Radicals comin' to this 'ere borough, sir," said Jinks, "'cos we ken beat 'em at their best; blowed if we can't." "They are too dry, sir," he continued, "an' hev tew menny perticularities. They won't do this, an' they won't do that; I tell you wot, they'll hev tew do a lot o' things afore they wins in this 'ere borrough agin, I tell you."

duct more important than with the class represented by Shipton. Unused to such distinguished and educated men as the members of the House of Commons, the working-class candidates foolishly imagine they will, if returned, exert similar influence, and obtain the ear of the House, as they have been accustomed to do among the men of their own trades. Nothing can be further from the truth. It is not too much to say that both Mr. Burt and Mr. Macdonald, the two working-class representatives now in Parliament, have no weight at all in that assembly, and this not to be wondered at, since it is a well-known fact of history that even the sturdy and accomplished William Cobbett was a complete failure in Parliament. Indeed, the loss of early training at school and college appears to be an almost insurmountable loss, and thus the man who is returned to Parliament because he is an operative,—a mere hedger and ditcher, or what not,—is certain to be a failure, and the towns which return such men are practically disfranchised. The truth remains unimpeached, the House of Commons is an assembly in which a very clever man will meet his peers, and even a very uncommonly clever man will find that he cannot play fast and loose with that brilliant assembly. The working men of England cannot too surely and solidly learn that though they have the power to elect a "Knight of the Shire," yet that such member is either a member for the whole country, or is nothing. A representative whose intellect is too cramped to open his mind, and take in the interests of the whole people, is a mere voting machine, fit only to be a delegate, and not a representative. From all such, may the Liberal party be saved, and may the working classes reject all the political Ishmaelites who present themselves.

#### THE PLEASURES OF FOOTBALL.



*Muffel Individual (from beneath his wrappings): Mornin', old fell'r. Been a nice day!*

*Old Fell'r (in alarm): Why, bless my soul! you don't mean to say it's Ned? What in the name of goodness is the matter—constitution undermined—been run over—or what?*

*M. I.: No. It's mere nothing. Been taking part in the game at Broughton, last Saturday. Really splendid game—dribbled the ball in fine style, and dribbled my right shin against young Zulu's toe—smashed both—got in with the ball and pair of black eyes from Dean's elbow—magnificent affair—fell with the whole scrimmage on top of me—glorious fun—three ribs broke—took it out of Zulu later on; bobbed my head on his nose—beautiful sight—lots more touchdowns—sprained both wrists tackling Wriggle—splendid goal—something matter with my chest; think it's young Zulu did it when he broke my jaw—lovely game—never enjoyed myself better in my life! By the bye, old man, can you tell me who's the best doctor for a broken knee cap?*

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*\* Communications for insertion in the *City Jackdaw* should reach us not later than Wednesday noon.

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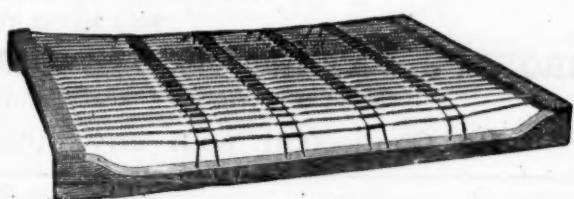
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